

SONGS OF SAIGON

(Songs that Pacify)

First Edition

Recommendations for Additions Greatly Appreciated.

ALREEVADERCHER SAIGON

Alreevadercher, Saigon

We hope you win your war

I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,

I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,

I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons.

The Viet Cong hold them tight.

Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets

Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets

Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight.

The Bao An steal our chickens

The Dan Ve steal our rice

And the Hamlet Chief is selling bulgar

With the GVN acting so vulgar

Is it any wonder that the VC seem so nice.

Where are the Special Forces

They're not on our frontier

They are beating up the nuns and bonzes

They are beating up the nuns and bonzes

That's the reason for the shooting that you can hear!

They send us lots of Colonels

With chickens on their necks

They are working in coordination

They are working in coordination

They are making plans to win the war on top of the Rex.

Alreevadercher, Saigon

We hope you win your war

I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,

I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,

I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

THE LONGEST YEAR

There are boys of Special Forces
There are lads from USOM too
And the guys who fly the choppers -
And of course there's me and you.

Refrain: . . . The longest year, the longest year
 You know damn well was spent right here,
 The longest year, the longest time
 That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole lot longer
Than we thought in '62
We'd be home a whole lot sooner
If it weren't for Madame Nhu.

Refrain: . . .

We were working in liaison,
Told them everything we do,
And they put it in the papers
Said that we had planned a coup.

Refrain: . . .

If they weren't out burning Buddhists
Or scaling pagoda walls
They were finding ways to screw us
'Cause they had us by the neck.

Refrain: . . .

If you ever come to Saigon,
Follow my instructions, kid -
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,
You'll be very glad you did!

Refrain: . . . The longest year, the longest year
 Was spent in Viet Nam right here
 The longest year, the longest time
 That I have ever spent!

WE ARE WINNING

(Tune: Rock of Ages)

We are winning, this we know
General Harkins tells us so.
Though in the Delta things are tough
And in the highlands very rough,
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so.
If you doubt them, who are you
McNamara says so too.

(Tune: Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl)

Landlord fill that nuoc mam bowl
And splash it on my dishee
Landlord fill that nuoc mam bowl
And splash it on my dishee
For tonight we'll dysentary be
For tonight we'll dysentary be
For tonight we'll dysentary be
Tomorrow we'll smell fishy.

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

I meet a gal in old Saigon
I asked her what was new
She said I think this morning
They held another coup
I don't know who they couped this time
I surely don't know why
The only thing I know for sure
We had a little coup!

GHOST ADVISORS BY AND BY

Some Yanks went out advising
Down in Southern Vietnam,
But the people they advised
Didn't give a good Goddam!
The president and his family
Were sweating out a coup,
And they blamed the whole "Schamozzle"
On the likes of me and you!

-- 1st Chorus --

Yipee aye yea! Yipee aye yea!
Ghost advisors by and by!

Some Buddhists did a "slow burn"
Up in Hue and in Saigon,
And you couldn't "watch the birdies,"
Without dodging plastic bombs.
The students, they got angry ---
The government closed the schools
And the "Times of Vietnam"
Called the U. S. a bunch of fools!

-- Chorus --

These advisors were notorious
For countering insurgency.
They collected "Lessons Learned"
For the Chief of "QUO VAN MY. "
They gathered tons of data,
From the field in Vietnam
(But down in Venezuela,
It won't be worth a damn!).

-- Chorus --

They worked for COMUSMACV
And for the Chief of MAAG,
Who told Bob McNamara
That the war was "in the bag,"
That the Viet Cong were beaten
In this brave "Diem-ocracy"
(They didn't tell the insurgents:
The omnipotent VCs!).

-- Chorus --

Yes, in the steaming jungles
And the plains of mud and rice,
Infested with mosquitoes,
Viet Cong and body lice,
There went the good advisors
And some "Greenie Beanies too,
To save the little country
For the likes of Madame NHU!

-- Chorus --

They advised the Civil Guard
And the valliant SDC
They advised the Vietnamese
In the land, air and sea
And when the fights were over
When the "body-count" was in
Our side lost a hundred
And the VCs only ten!

-- Chorus --

They built Strategic Hamlets
And they dispensed USOM aid.
They convinced the Montagnards
That they really had it made!
They defoliated jungles,
And herbicided rice,
As long as Mr. Ambassador
Could afford the going price!

-- Chorus --

Then they headed for the airfield,
Out at good old TAN SON NHUT;
With boarding passes in their hands
And CIBs to boot!

"Little soldiers of misfortune,"
And, "Tools of the CIA,"
They waited for jet planes
To touch that broad runway!

-- Chorus --

Now buddy, listen to them
And hear what they've got to say
They're gonna board that aircraft
So don't get in their way
They'll "ZAP" you with their cross-bows
And their home-made rifles too
Cause there ain't seats enough on that craft
For the likes of me and you.

-- Final Chorus --

Yipee-aye-yeah! Yipee-aye-yeah!
Ghost advisors by and by!

THE YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON

She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon
And I think she banned the twist
But she's a real cute little dolly
She's one I think I've missed
You can talk about the President
And about his brother Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists
And she hates the New York Times
Because they always rib her
And accuse her of awful crimes
What's a little joke about cook-outs
Or imported gasoline
Why, that's mostly exaggeration
She's really not that mean.

Yes my Little Rose of Saigon
Is just a poor little refugee
Why she fled from Ho and Hanoi
To make jobs for you and me
She's snowed General Maxwell Taylor
And Ambassador Nolting too
Got bright green light from JFK
And three billion dollars too.

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Stays off of Tu Do street
She doesn't go much for loving
But at intrigue can't be beat
I look for many changes
When she meets with Mr. Lodge
Cause it's said that he's a sucker
For eastern camouflage

Yes my Little Rose of Saigon
Is a veteran through and through
She's careful with her money
In case there is a Coup
She's got to salvage something
From this political enterprise
Before the VC lose their fight
And America gets wise.

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Has left for the USA
To be a UN observer
In the good old fashion way
You can talk about the President
And about her husband Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

STRATEGIC HAMLET SONG

Give me wire, lots of wire, under starry skies above,
please fence me in.
Wrap it round, wrap it round, wrap it all the way around,
please fence me in.
I've got the house and the fields, and the pump protected,
felt secure till the CG defected!
Give me more aid and I'll feel protected,
please fence me in!
Give me lemonade, bandaids, USOM aid, every thing U. S. made.
I asked for fertilizer, pig pens, bulgar wheat, and
haven't got it yet.
So I'll bark at the moon until they burn my fences.
Stay in my hamlet till I lose my senses.
Bury my shotgun cause I've got no defences,
please fence me in!

THE STREETS OF SAIGON

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon
As I walked down Le Loi one day
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform that you're an advisor."
These words he said as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die.

"It was once I ruled widely, once I ruled strongly
And loved my sister or so they did say
But I kept my brother and so ruled wrongly
For those Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay.

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin
Have the girls down at the Tu Do sing a love song
Take me down Xa Loi, there lay the sod over me
Now that USIS has scorned me
I know I've done wrong.

"Oh blow the piper slowly and beat the drum loudly
Play a slow twist as you carry my pall
Put Dalat roses all over my coffin
To soften the tears of the press as they fall."

Those Viet Cong Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine

Not a soul down in the hamlet,
That's a pretty certain sign,
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

All the boys are selling weapons,
Ho's piastres do just fine,
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

There goes Nhu, there goes Diem,
They were not so tame!
There goes Don, there goes Dinh,
Things won't be the same!

Oh, I get that shaky feeling when I hear those mortars
"chime,"
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

I'VE STAYED TOO LONG

(Tune: I Wonder Why)

We don't need MAAG advisors
We just take tranquilizers
We've been here long enough to know.

We don't need supervisors
We don't need fertilizers
We just need to get away from here.

We've been down in the Delta
Where we've sure had to swelta
We just need to get away from here.

We can really hardly wait
To get through that airport gate
We're not chicken, we're just all through.

I hear VC, but there's no one there
I find leaflets underneath my chair
I've got hash marks on my underwear
I've stayed too long, I've stayed too long.

I count hamlets in my dreams at night
Too much nuouc mam's spoiled my appetite
I'm just one great big mosquito bite
I guess I've lost the fight
I've stayed too long.

LET'S DO IT

(Saigon Version 1964, end Jan)

Who did it? Dinh did it.
Only others seem to think that Minh did it.
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

The word is out General Khanh did it,
(Wouldn't it be fun if Brother Can did it?)
Let's do it, let's have a coup!

Marines from way up in Hue do it,
No need for Nhus, they just ngo -
Tanks, they tell us, too, do it -
Tanks a lot from My tho.

They say that Kim did it,
Don did it,
Certain factions seem to feel that Dung done did it -
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

GHOST ADVISORS

(Sung with drums, eerie like - on the chorus)

Some Yanks went out advising down in Southern Vietnam
While countering Ho's insurgency they encountered the Madame
It was frequently confusing in the land where plastic flies
Just which ones were the VC, and whom should they advise.

Chieu hoi! Chi Yi! (pronounced like by)
Ghost advisors bye and bye.

They built strategic hamlets and they gave out USOM aid.
They convinced the Montagnards that they really had it made.
They defoliated jungles and they pulled up VC rice.
They swatted the mosquitoes and they searched for body lice.

Chieu Hoi! Chi Yi!
Ghost advisors bye and bye.

SELF DEFENSE MAIDEN

Down by the River, The River Perfume
That's where I met her, plotting their doom.
Self Defense Maiden, that's what she was,
Hating those VC, for killing her love.

As I approached her she turned and she said
If they dare come here I'll shoot them all dead
I am defending, the City of Hue, I am a member of the
Nhan Dan Tu Ve
Our forces are strong now, our cause it is right
If they attack us we'll show them our might.

Many are helping, all firing carbines
My brother's a member of an RDC Team
My Mother's a Canh Sat, father is dead
Shot by a commie, right square in the head.

We buried him sadly near Minh-Mang's Tomb
His passing it greaves us, it left us in gloom
This mission he left us, protect all that's dear
Self Defense Forces without any fear.

Our forces are advancing and we've finished clearing Hue,
The RF and the IF are showing us the way.
Amassed we are sending up inspectors every day,
The reports keep marching on.

Glory, glory we are winning, with TRES we are winning.
Glory, glory we are winning, the reports keep marching on.

Say there's rockets in the cities and there's bombing in the hills.
There's shooting in the paddies and there's banging in the villes.
We fight awhile - count awhile, *etc, write awhile*
The reports keep marching on.

Glory, glory we are winning, with the H - E - S we're winning.
Glory, glory we are winning, the reports keep marching on.

The fighting's getting bloody and we Roman Flow the town,
A sniper shoots a buddy and we blow the hamlet down.
The refugees come streaming and we give them all come tin,
The reports keep marching in.

Glory, glory we are winning, with a stencil we are winning.
Glory, glory we are winning, the reports keep marching on.

A hamlet is regressing and we all leap to the fight,
Saigon sends out a shipment and we issue day and night.
Cement is hard, the tin is bent, but it will be all right,
The reports keep marching in.

Glory, glory we are winning, with pinastres we are winning.
Glory, glory we are winning, the reports keep marching on.

Komer sends a message that our figures are a fright,
Komer sends a letter that we better see the light.
Komer comes to visit and we sit up all the night,
The reports keep rolling on.

Glory, glory we are winning, with computers we are winning.
Glory, glory we are winning, the reports keep marching on.